THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 16, 1804.

An Account of the Journey of Louis XVI. King of France, with the Royal Family, from Paris to Varennes, and of their Return to the Capital, in June, 1791; drawn up from the Informations of one of the King's Body-Guards, by John Dougall.

(Concluded from Page 33.)

IN the midſt of this ſcene, the dauphin and his ſiſter were obſerved repeatedly to claſp in their arms, and, with their little hands, to ſtop the ears of their parents, that they might not hear the horrible language which aſſailed them on every ſide.

The carriage moved up the garden beyond the trees. The *gardes-du-corps* obſerved, from their ſeat, that a very narrow lane was formed by the national-guards, for the royal family to paſs along to the gate of the palace.

They ſaw that, although the family might be ſuffered to enter in ſafety, they themſelves muſt undoubtedly periſh from the fury of their enemies. They reſolved, therefore, if poſſible, to ſave their maſter the horror of ſeeing them torn in pieces before his face. This they thought to bring about by leaping down from the box, on different ſides, amidſt the crowd, who, being employed in maſſacreing them, might, they hoped, ſuffer the royal family to paſs along with leſs interruption.

When the carriage got beyond the firſt baſon in the garden, near the palace, it was ſtopped. The national-guards aſſembled now made ready, ſome to ſhoot, ſome to ſtab, the three *gardes-du-corps;* and in doing this they only wounded their own comrades, who were alſo on the coach-box, the one in the hand, the other in the arm.

As the national-guards on the ground were ſtruggling with thoſe around them, for room to make uſe of their arms, the three *gardes du corps* roſe from their ſeat, and called out, "Here we are; now fire, if you chooſe it: but we beg you not to put us to death in the eyes of the royal family: let them go into the palace, and then we are at your diſpoſal."

In ſaying this, M. de Mouſtier leaped down firſt, and preſented himſelf to two pioneers, who were making for him with their hatchets raiſed, and expreſſing their joy at their being the firſt to ſtrike him.—M. de Mouſtier, looking ſteadily at them, ſaid,—"Here, ſtrike!"—*(Tiens, frappe!)* On this they ſeemed confounded; but one of the hatchets, which was already within ſix inches of his forehead, fell on him: but as, juſt at that inſtant, a muſket or bayonet happened to be run in between his face and the hatchet, the blow was warded off, and he received no injury from it.

What became of the other hatchet M. de Mouſtier knows not, for he was inſtantly ſeized behind by the neck and hair. As he ſtruggled hard to make his way more amongſt the crowd, and farther from the coach, ſome officers came to conduct him to the palace by the ſame way with the royal family. But he had reſolved to puſh as far as poſſible another way, when M. de La Fayette, on horſeback, himſelf came up, and laying hold of him by the upper part of the coat, drew him towards him. M. de Mouſtier, turning his head, and conſidering La Fayette to be a perſon whoſe only duty, notwithſtanding his late conduct, it was, at that moment, to watch over the ſafety of the royal family, juſt ſaid, "Your attentions, Sir, ought, at this time, to be wholly engaged about the royal family: it is your duty to ſerve them alone: leave me to the mob."

La Fayette, touched probably by this ſpeech, immediately quitted M. de Mouſtier, who was as quickly overwhelmed by the crowd around him. They held and dragged him in all directions at the ſame time, to throw him on the ground; but this very violence defeated their purpoſe. All this went on in defiance of the officers and grenadiers who had been diſpatched to conduct him to the palace.

At laſt, M. de Mouſtier, borne along by the multitude, reached the bottom of the great ſtair. This he never ſhould have been able to mount, but for another officer of the national guard, there on duty, who, ſeizing him by the collar, and with louder and more horrid language than that of the populace, told them, that it would be a pity indeed, if ſuch a man as M. de Mouſtier ſhould meet with the reward of his deteſtable conduct at the hands of the *reſpectable citizens* of Paris; that ſome new kind of torture ought to be contrived for ſo atrocious an offender; and that he himſelf would take upon him to make De Mouſtier ſuffer in ſuch a way as to give univerſal ſatisfaction. By theſe means

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did this worthy officer ſucceed in drawing M. de Mouſtier from the hands of the deſperate multitude; and as ſoon as an opportunity for ſpeaking in private to M. de Mouſtier occurred, he made the moſt hearty apology for the ſeeming brutality of his behaviour, which, the officer ſaid, was the only practicable way to prevent M. de Mouſtier from being torn in pieces.

As both M. de Mouſtier and M. de Malden are tall men, they were miſtaken by the mob for the duke de Guiche, for M. de la Tour du Pin, for M. le Comte Annibal d'Agoult, brother of the marquis d'Agoult, major of the regiment of French guards, *(les gardes Françaiſes;)* but they were particularly obnoxious when taken for M. le Comte d'Agoult, who, in the worſt of times, evinced on every occaſion the moſt heroic courage, and the warmeſt attachment to his royal maſter.

M. de Malden reached the palace covered with blood. He had received two thruſts with a bayonet in the head; but fortunately both grazed the ſkull, and only laid open the ſkin.

M. de Mouſtier ſuffered ſeverely before he was reſcued from the hands of his enemies. His clothes were in rags, his hair, particularly his queue, literally torn from the head. Having been dragged along for a great while, with his head bent downwards, ſometimes in one direction, and ſometimes in another, the blood was collected in his head to ſuch a degree, that for a conſiderable time he loſt his ſight, while the blood flowed in ſtreams from his mouth. His ſufferings were however chiefly occaſioned by want of ſuſtenance, eſpecially by an intolerable thirſt, from the exceſſive heat and duſt, and the frequent diſcharge of blood.—During the whole day he had never been ſuffered to have even a mouthful of water; and thoſe who ſurrounded him were poſitively commanded to afford him no relief.

When he got within the palace he was deſired by thoſe around him to ſit down.—He begged, that if they were really perſons of common humanity, they would procure him a mouthful of bread and a glaſs of wine.

A tumbler was given to him, and one of the national guards prepared to pour into it ſome water.

"What! (ſaid M. de Mouſtier), nothing but water! can I have no wine?"

"No, (anſwered the other), we have nothing elſe."

Whilſt he poured out the water, ſome well-dreſſed perſons came, and in very civil terms begged he would tell them who he was.

"My name (ſaid he,) is Mouſtier; and I have the honour to be one of the *gardes-du-corps* of his majeſty the king of France and Navarre. I belong to that company which is in garriſon at Troyes, in Champaign."

" Then (replied they), you are a .... raſcal—*(Tu es un grand .... gueux : Tu es un grand ſcelerat,*" *&c. &c.*

Such language, from perſons of their manner and appearance, rouſed his ſpirits, and, throwing the glaſs of water on the ground, he advanced to the middle of the room, with his fiſts clenched, againſt the men who had, in ſo baſe and cowardly a way, inſulted him ; when two officers of the national-guards ſeized him round the body, and his inſulters made off.

M. de Mouſtier obſerved to thoſe who remained about him, that the preſent circumſtances preciſely ſuited ſuch men as thoſe who had inſulted him : they did well, therefore, to make the moſt of them. That it was, however, to be hoped, that injuſtice would not for ever be crowned with ſucceſs ; and that, in the mean time, it would be well to propoſe no more queſtions to him, for that he was reſolved to give no more anſwers.

Whether it was from compaſſion, or from a view of changing the converſation, M. de Mouſtier knows not, but juſt at this inſtant a bottle of good wine, with a piece of bread, was produced. The bread he ate, and ſwallowed two tumblers of wine, with great eagerneſs.

When he had ſo done, two perſons, dreſſed in black, ſhewed him a red Morocco pocket-book, aſking whether or not he knew it.

" Yes, (ſaid M. de Mouſtier,) it is mine. There is nothing in it but ſome goldbeater's leaf, and ſome money. Open it before this company, and then let me have it."

This, however, they did not do ; nor was the pocket-book or the money ever reſtored to him. The pocket book was carried to the national aſſembly, where the marquis de Bonnai procured it to be ſealed up in their preſence, leſt ſome evil-diſpoſed perſons ſhould introduce into it other papers calculated to injure the royal family.

One of the officers of the national-guard in the palace now ſaid to M. de Mouſtier, " Come, my good fellow—*(Brave homme*—a title by which he was conſtantly afterwards known), will you drink a glaſs of Malaga ?"

" I never refuſe (anſwered M. de Mouſtier), a good thing, and from the hands of a worthy man ; let us have it." On which that officer gave him a tumbler of Malaga, with a biſcuit ; after ſwallowing which he found himſelf quite recovered.

Another perſon then propoſed that he ſhould have ſupper ; and a pair of ſtewed pigeons and a chicken he very ſpeedily diſpatched.

Thoſe about him taſted of every diſh, leſt, as they ſaid, he ſhould be poiſoned : but he ſuppoſed this precaution was ſuggeſted by their own fears that he ſhould eſcape from them before they could obtain all the information which they hoped to draw from him reſpecting the journey.

" Come,

" Come, (ſaid they,) we will all drink a glaſs of wine;" and advancing their tumblers to touch that of M. de Mouſtier, as is uſual in France on drinking a toaſt, he ſaid, " Well, gentlemen, let us drink to the health of our unhappy maſter and his family: they are indeed very unfortunate."

When M. de Mouſtier ſaid this, they all drew back their tumblers without uttering a word; and he immediately drank his wine, and roſe from the table.

" I feel my limbs ſtiff and benumbed, (then ſaid M. de Mouſtier to thoſe who guarded him,) and if you will be pleaſed to allow me to take a turn or two in the ſaloon, it will be a great favour."

To this they immediately agreed, ſome walking behind, with their arms turned towards him, and others on each ſide. In this manner they attended him, although the apartment was crowded with national-guards, ſome on duty, and others drawn thither by curioſity.

Theſe guards often repeated one to another, " How is it poſſible that three men only could carry away the king from amongſt us? It is very extraordinary."

" This ſurpriſes you, (ſaid M. de Mouſtier;) perhaps you will be glad to know how it happened."

" Yes, *Brave homme*, (anſwered they), you will oblige us much by explaining it."

" Well, then, (added he), the ſecret lies in this; that the brave man never reckons the number of his enemies while they are alive, but only after they are dead, that he may know how many of them he has killed: and, gentlemen, at this very moment, ſhould the king my maſter command me to attack a hundred thouſand men in his defence, it would give me far more pleaſure than to attack only one or ten, for this would not be worth my notice."

The national guards looked firſt ſtedfaſtly on M. de Mouſtier, and then on each other, but made no reply.

The three *gardes-du-corps* were ſeparated, each under a guard; and were furniſhed with mattreſſes, on which they remained until four in the morning.

During this time perſons were continually coming to examine them; and at laſt they were told that they muſt leave the Thuilleries, in order to be carried to the abbey of St. Germain, then uſed as a priſon. This early hour was choſen leſt the people ſhould be collected, who might perhaps overawe their guard, and murder them on the way.

The carriage which conveyed the *gardes-du-corps* was entirely ſurrounded with national-guards, and paſſed between a double line of infantry and cavalry.—Even theſe national-guards themſelves repeatedly called out to the three priſoners, " We will do for you;"—(*Coquins, nous vous arrangerons comme il faut;*)

faut;) at the ſame time threatening them with their ſabres, and encouraging the populace in every enormity.

In this manner the priſoners were conducted to the abbey, where the populace made ſeveral attempts to force the gates, in order, as they exclaimed, to have the heads of the three *gardes-du-corps* as a trophy.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT of EXCHEQUER, JUNE 27, 1804.

Sittings before BARON M'DONALD, *and a* SPECIAL JURY.

LIBEL.

The Hon. George Cranfield Berkeley, Rear-Admiral, *v.* Congreve, Parſons, and others.

MR. ERSKINE ſaid, he appeared as counſel for the Hon. and gallant officer, who was the plaintiff in the preſent action, and who now found himſelf obliged, in defence of his character, which to every honourable man was dearer than his life, to demand from a jury of his country, ſome compenſation in damages for a moſt foul and atrocious libel publiſhed againſt him by the defendant. The defendant was the proprietor and editor of a paper called "The Royal Standard; or, Naval Regiſter." If the libel in queſtion had been publiſhed in any of the papers whoſe exiſtence is but for a day, it would not have been of ſo much injury; but in a periodical publication, bearing the name of "The Naval Regiſter," bound up as a book, and which was generally a tolerably correct recorder of naval events, if ſuch a libel as he was now to lay before them was ſuffered to paſs unnoticed, it might go down with the naval hiſtory of the country, as a truth upon record, and not only deſtroy the reputation and character of the gallant admiral for the preſent, and all future times, but would be an endleſs ſtain upon his family, which his children and his children's children would feel when he ſhould be no more. The cauſe which provoked the writing of the libel was undoubtedly ſome expreſſions which, in the courſe of his parliamentary duty, the plaintiff had made uſe of, which were ſuppoſed to reflect on the junior members of the admiralty board. Although for the ſupport of our free conſtitution is was neceſſary that a perfect liberty of ſpeech ſhould be allowed in parliament, and that no man ſhould be reſponſible out of doors for what he had ſaid in his place in parliament; although no court of juſtice in the country could take cognizance of expreſſions uſed in either houſe of parliament,

ment, yet there certainly did exiſt in this country that freedom of the preſs which allowed any perſon who felt injured by any expreſſions in parliament, to refute them, and ſhew that they were undeſerved; but the preſs would not be ſuffered to publiſh foul and abominable libels againſt members of parliament, and men of high ſituations in the country, without giving them redreſs againſt their libellers. There could be no doubt but this libel originated in party malice and calumny againſt the Honourable admiral on account of his parliamentary conduct. He ſhould next conſider the nature of the libel, and the application of it. The libel imputed to him a conduct moſt unworthy of a Britiſh officer or ſeaman; it went to ſtate, that, in the memorable victory of the 1ſt of June, the plaintiff, who then commanded the Marlborough, had ſhamefully left the quarter-deck in the middle of the action, to ſhelter himſelf in the cock-pit; and that fearing to expoſe himſelf to any farther danger, he pretended ſickneſs, and retired from the ſervice; it ſtated, that it was the firſt lieutenant who took his place, and fought the ſhip with great gallantry, for which he was immediately promoted.

A more ſerious charge than this, it would be allowed, could not be brought againſt a Britiſh officer; if it was true, he deſerved not only infamy, but death; if it was not true, however, (as he ſhould prove it was utterly untrue), the jury muſt feel that it was a caſe which called for the moſt ſerious damages. The real caſe was this:—Admiral Berkeley had fought his ſhip in the moſt gallant manner againſt two French ſhips of the line, the Impetueux and the Marquis Scævola, both of which had ſtruck their colours to the Marlborough, when a French 120 gun-ſhip came upon her ſtern, and poured in a broadſide which completely raked the Marlborough, killed and wounded a prodigious number of men, and, among the number, Captain Berkeley received a ſevere ſplinter wound in the forehead, which deprived him of ſenſation for a conſiderable time, and left him in ſuch a ſtate that he could not poſſibly ſtand upon the quarter-deck. The gallant Lord Nelſon, whoſe name was in every mouth, had received a wound preciſely ſimilar, at the battle of Aboukir, and was alſo obliged to be carried off the quarter-deck into the cock-pit.

The learned counſel then read from the Gazette the particular thanks which Lord Howe had given to captain, now Admiral Berkeley, for his conduct on that day. All that he had ſtated of the utter falſehood of the libel, he ſhould prove in a manner that muſt for ever ſilence calumny on this ſubject. The ſurgeon of the Marlborough who dreſſed his wound, was then in court, who would prove that his wound was ſo ſerious as to compel him to leave the quarter-deck. Other medical gentlemen who attended him ſubſequently, were ready to prove that

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the wound received muſt have produced a violent concuſſion of the brain, and that part of the bone of the ſkull was carried off: he had alſo in court, as a witneſs, Captain Montague, then firſt lieutenant of the Marlborough, who rejecting this ſort of compliment that was meant to be paid to him at the expence of the plaintiff's character, was ready to prove that the conduct of Admiral Berkeley on this occaſion, as well as many others, was that which became a Britiſh officer, and that he did not leave the quarter-deck till it was impoſſible for him to ſtay longer upon it. Having ſaid ſo much of the nature of the libel, it remained only to him to point the attention of the jury to the application of it: it is true the plaintiff was not named, but he was deſcribed in ſuch a way, by ſhewing that he was a captain of a line of battle ſhip who had been in the action, and who was ſucceeded by his firſt lieutenant, ſince promoted, that no naval man who read the libel could have the leaſt doubt that it was the plaintiff who was alluded to.

He then mentioned a caſe before Lord Mansfield, brought by Mr. Hookham, when he lived in Prince's-ſtreet, Hanover-ſquare, againſt a libeller, who ſaid that a perſon reſiding not a hundred miles from Hanover-ſquare, had forged tickets of admiſſion to the ball, given by the knights of the Bath. Lord Mansfield ſaid, that as it was alledged and proved that Mr. Hookham was the only perſon in that neighbourhood, who dealt in thoſe tickets, the alluſion was ſufficiently plain, and the jury were of the ſame opinion. He thought it unneceſſary to make any obſervations on the atrocious matter of the libel, and he had little doubt but the jury muſt of themſelves perceive the ſerious nature of it, and could ſatisfy themſelves, beyond a doubt, that the plaintiff was the perſon alluded to in it.

Samuel Burleigh proved the purchaſe of the paper in the ſhop of "The Royal Standard."

The libel was then read; it was of conſiderable length, and contained, among others, the following remarkable expreſſions:

"A *fighting-cock* is not always to be known by his crowing. We have lately heard the crowing of a *ſhy cock*. It is mortifying to every Britiſh ſeaman to ſee thoſe officers who have led them gallantly, abuſed by a man who never did a brave action in his life; who, on the firſt of June, a glorious ſummer's day, found it too hot for him, and choſe to exchange the heat of the quarter-deck for the ſhade of the cockpit, and was immediately ſucceeded in command by his lieutenant, who fought the ſhip gallantly, and was immediately promoted for his conduct. He afterwards did not chuſe to expoſe himſelf to ſimilar danger, but thought it better at once to go into port."

This letter was ſigned, "A Sailor."

A perſon from the ſtamp-office proved who were regiſtered as the proprietors of "The Royal Standard." And a perſon from the office of "The Royal Standard" proved the name of the editor.

Mr. Romney, the ſurgeon of the Marlborough on the firſt of June, 1794, proved that he dreſſed the wound which Admiral Berkeley had received in that action; that as ſoon as it was dreſſed, the admiral (then Captain Berkeley) attempted to go upon deck, but fainted on the cock-pit ſtairs, and continued for a long time in a ſtate of inſenſibility. From the wound itſelf, and all the ſymptoms attending it, he was convinced that there was a ſerious concuſſion of the brain, which made it abſolutely impoſſible for Captain Berkeley to have remained upon the quarter-deck.

Mr. Forbes was a ſurgeon, reſident in London, and viſited the plaintiff about the latter end of July; he had ſeen the wound in his forehead, which had partly exfoliated the ſkull; he was convinced that ſuch a wound muſt have been attended with ſuch a concuſſion of the brain, that it would render it impoſſible for him to remain on the quarter-deck as commander of the ſhip. He ſhould have judged, from the appearance of the wound, that it muſt have produced inſenſibility and ſtupor almoſt immediately.

Mr. Callan was a ſurgeon who attended the plaintiff when on board the Marlborough, in Cawſand Bay. He had a flying gout about him, for which he preſcribed to him to remain on ſhore, and uſe as much exerciſe on horſeback as poſſible.

Captain John Monkton, of the royal navy, was examined for the plaintiff, and ſtated, that he was firſt lieutenant on board the Marlborough, when ſhe was under the command of Captain Berkeley, in the engagement of the firſt of June, 1794, he, in his ſituation as firſt officer on the quarter-deck, had an opportunity of obſerving the behaviour of the plaintiff, who, on no occaſion during the action, appeared to be deficient in courage, coolneſs, or ability, but conducted himſelf like a Britiſh officer. The witneſs produced minutes made during the proceedings of the ſhip and fleet, in the engagement, and read part of them to the court, by which it appeared, that on the morning of the firſt of June, the ſignal was made by Lord Howe, on board the Queen Charlotte, for the Marlborough and Defence to bear down on the enemy's line; in compliance with which, the plaintiff conducted his ſhip towards the enemy, and with great precaution ordered the crew not to fire until cloſe to the ſhips which they had to engage; his orders being obeyed, they did not engage till between the ſtern of one Frenchman and the head of another, when the Marlborough raked both, and threw the French line into the greateſt confuſion; ſhe then dropped to leeward of the enemy, and was engaged by an 84 gun ſhip on

the larboard bow, and a large ſhip on the ſtarboard quarter, after having forced two ſhips to ſtrike to her. By this unequal conteſt, and being ſeparated from the Britiſh fleet, which was then to windward, ſhe was totally diſmaſted, had upwards of thirty men killed, and one hundred wounded. The plaintiff fought on the quarter-deck the greater part of the engagement, and received a violent contuſion on his forehead by a ſplinter-ſhot; in conſequence of which, by the advice of his officers, he went down in the cock-pit to have the wound dreſſed, after giving his ſword and the command of the ſhip to the witneſs, his firſt lieutenant, during the plaintiff's abſence, who remained with the ſurgeon. The ſhip was reduced to the moſt ſhattered condition; her ſtern was ſhot away; her bowſprit, maſts, and the laſt of her colours. At the ſame time, Le Montagne, a French ſhip, mounting 130 guns on four decks, was bearing down to ſink the Marlborough, but was cut off by the Royal George. Under ſuch circumſtances, the witneſs kept the command during the plaintiff's illneſs, who appeared to have been dangerouſly wounded. There was not the ſmalleſt want of courage to be imputed to the plaintiff, and the witneſs ſaw that he behaved like a brave Britiſh officer.

The ſurgeon of the ſhip ſtated, that the wound which the plaintiff had ſuſtained, was a violent contuſion in the head, and was of ſuch conſequence, that he required immediate aſſiſtance.

Admiral Duncan gave the plaintiff a moſt excellent character for officer-like conduct.

Lord Hood and Earl St. Vincent attended for the ſame purpoſe.

The chief baron and the jury, however, expreſſed their entire ſatisfaction with the teſtimony of the gallant admiral, and diſpenſed with examining more evidence.

Mr. Dallas, for the defendants, made a very long and able addreſs to the jury in mitigation of damages: he deſcribed the libel to have been ſent to the defendants in a letter ſigned "Bowling." It was anonymous, and, from want of caution, and without any deſign to injure the reputation and honour of the gallant admiral, had been publiſhed. The unfortunate men, he obſerved, who had been employed merely as mechanics, namely, the printer and publiſher, ought, in juſtice, to be excluded from the quantum of damages, as they had acted under the orders of Congreve, the editor.

Mr. Dauncey followed on the defence, with arguments extenuating the defendant's conduct.

The lord chief baron obſerved, no defence had been made; and, having cenſured the publication of the libel, from its evil tendency, directed the jury to give ſuch damages as they adjudged commenſurate to the injury it produced.

Verdict for the plaintiff, One Thouſand Pounds damages.

GUILDHALL,

GUILDHALL, July 4.

Sittings before LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

SOUTHEY AND ANOTHER, *v.* WARD.

THIS was an action againſt the defendant, as a common carrier, for the recovery of 4l. 2s. 4d. being the value of a parcel of hats delivered to him to be carried to Woodham Ferres, near Malden.

The plaintiffs, who were hatters, ſent a parcel of hats to the office of the defendant, to be forwarded by his waggon to a place called Woodland Ferres, within ſeven miles of Malden, where the waggon ſets up, and to be there delivered to one Daniel Brown; but the hats never came to the hands of the ſaid Daniel Brown. Some months after, the plaintiffs' traveller, Mr. Robertſon, being in that country, found out that Brown had never received the goods; and having applied at the defendant's waggon office in Malden, he found they had not been delivered, but ſtill remained there. By that time Brown had ſupplied himſelf from another quarter, and did not want the article. The queſtion then was, whether the carrier was bound to deliver the goods at the place directed, it being ſome diſtance from that where the waggon ſet up? But, upon the croſs-examination of the traveller, it having appeared that, ſome time previous to the tranſaction in queſtion, a ſimilar parcel had been ſent by the ſame conveyance to the ſame place, and was returned again by the carrier, it was held that he was only bound to carry them as far as Malden, and was not bound to deliver them at Woodland Ferres. The jury found a verdict for the defendant.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESSES.

DRESS of white muſlin, made high round the neck, with a lace frill. A large ſhawl of fawn colour, with an embroidered lilac border. A large Obi hat of lilac crape or muſlin. A round dreſs of clear white muſlin over blue ſilk; full long ſleeves confined with medallions. Habit ſhirt of lace or fine muſlin. A large gipſey hat of white chip, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A dreſs of white muſlin, the back made full and very low. A ſcarf of plain leno, faſtened on the left ſhoulder. A gipſey hat of white muſlin, with a flower in front.

FULL DRESSES.

A full dreſs of ſprigged muſlin over a ſilk ſlip; ſhort ſleeves of lace. A cap of white lace over ſilk. White oſtrich fea-

thers. White gloves. A round dreſs of fine muſlin, with a drapery of the ſame, trimmed all round with Vandyke ſatin; a plain ſleeve with a cuff; lace tucker. Cap of black lace and green ſatin, with a bunch of roſes in front. Green ſhoes. White gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are blue, green, buff, lilac, and yellow. Gipſey or Obi hats, ornamented with feathers or flowers, are much worn. Long ſcarf cloaks, lined with coloured ſilk, and trimmed on the neck with lace, are very prevalent. The dreſſes are generally trimmed with lace, and worn over coloured ſarſenets.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

LILAC and fleſh-coloured dreſſes are the prevailing faſhions of the day, particularly the latter. Fleſh-coloured gowns, corſets, ſpencers, ſhawls, veils, ſtockings, ſhoes, and even chemiſes, are the faſhion. Some *petites maitreſſes* have been ſeen with fleſh-coloured pantaloons under plain thin muſlin. We counted a dozen dreſſed in that manner at the laſt *fete* at Freſcati. Long veils continue to be worn on one ſide, in the manner of a curtain. Small veils, faſtened to ſmall unlined ſatin hats, remain pulled down ſo as to cover the face as far as the mouth. The ſtraw hats now worn by our court ladies are in the form of an open imperial crown, and are called *a la Joſephine*. In the park of St. Cloud, and in the Thuillery gardens, they are very numerous. No veils, but a broad Bruſſels lace is faſtened to them, ſo as to conceal half of the face. Silk gowns are more faſhionable than muſlin; and lace gowns, for thoſe that can afford it, the moſt faſhionable of all; they reach no longer than to the heels. Trains, except in full court dreſs, are proſcribed. White Grenoble gloves, ſucceeding thoſe of cambrick, are reſigned to the griſettes.

The coat of a *petit maitre* is either black, blue, or grey, very ſhort and narrow behind. A full dreſſed courtier, with a ſword and bag, wears the coat rather longer, but the hat ſmaller than formerly. No ribbon ſword-knots are worn; a gold knot, as the officers of dragoons wear it, are now moſt faſhionable.

Narrative of the Wreck of ſome Algerines near Penzance.

ON Saturday the 27th of September, 1760, in the night, a large xebecque, which was an Algerine corſair, ſtruck near the Chimney-rock, on the ſouth ſide of Penzance. She was called the Cavallo Bianco, or White Horſe, Almida Benſcouda, commander;

commander; ſhe carried 18 ſix-pounders, and 220 men, of whom forty or fifty were Turkiſh ſoldiers, the remainder Moors. I ſhall never forget the terrors of that night. I was about eleven years of age, and was called up by my mother, amidſt the ringing of the alarm-bell, and the beating of drums. The firſt report was of "a French man of war or privateer," whoſe crew they ſaid were landed; the ſecond was by far more dreadfull, "an Algerine, with the plague on board." Nothing could equal the buſtle and panic which this occaſioned. Some ventured towards the beach, but quickly returned, affirming that they had ſmelt, at a great diſtance, the plague ſmell, and, in conſequence, drank ſome brandy as an antidote. This was purely the effect of a terrified imagination. Several of the Moors, on the ſtriking of the veſſel, leaped into the ſea, in order to ſwim to ſhore; ſome, indeed, eſcaped; but the night was ſo extremely dark, and the ſurf ran ſo high, that at leaſt thirty-five or forty of them periſhed. At three o'clock, or near that time, the maſt went by the board; and, after ſome time, part of the crew came on ſhore on the maſt, and others as the tide receded.

At break of day what a ſpectacle preſented itſelf! A huge veſſel of a moſt ſingular conſtruction, at leaſt to an Engliſh eye, wrecked and mutilated among the rocks! Men with long beards, ſtanding in groups, and having turbans on their heads, and dead bodies lying on the ſand! They had imagined our ſhore was the Spaniſh coaſt, and expected, of conſequence, certain ſlavery; but when convinced they were on Engliſh ground, they exclaimed, with great joy, "*Ingleterra! Ingleterra! bona Ingleterra!*" It was recollected, that a perſon of the name of Mitchell had been much in the Levant trade, and that probably he would be able to talk to them: he was accordingly ſent for; and, having a ſmattering in the Lingua Franca, as well as Italian, he became interpreter.

At firſt they were conducted to a place called the Barbican, where ſoup was provided for them. In the mean time, the Savage ſloop of war being then on this ſtation, Captain Peard ſent moſt of his people to act as ſentinels, until ſuch time as a party of ſoldiers ſhould arrive from the neighbouring towns. The next day they were lodged in a decent houſe in the front ſtreet of the quay, and ſome time after marched to a building called the Folly, two or three fields diſtant from the town; but the officers, ſome of whom were handſome and portly men, were ſeparately lodged at the Sandybank, near the battery. Every attention was ſhewn them, and every comfort, conſiſtent with their quarantine, adminiſtered to them. Their apparel was nothing extraordinary; the common men wore a coarſe brown cloth, and ſome of them had the neck and end of their dreſs coarſely embroidered with coloured worſteds. A few ſabres were found, the handles of which were inlaid with mother of pearl;

pearl; alſo ſome few muſkets, ornamented in the ſame manner; beſides which there was nothing diſcovered of any value. Theſe became a prey to ſome bad fellows, were ſecreted, and afterwards ſold. They remained here five weeks, under quarantine; and at laſt, by order of government, were put on board the Thomas tranſport, which took them to Falmouth, where La Blonde, a frigate which had been taken from the French, arrived, and convoyed them to Algiers.

The Algerines behaved very well in this place; but at Falmouth, where ſome of them were permitted to land, their conduct was far from orderly.

It is ſaid, that while the tranſport was at Falmouth, the late Admiral Boſcawen came down to Tregothnan to ſee his brother, Lord Falmouth, at which place the captain of the Thomas paid his reſpects to him. The admiral adviſed him to behave with the greateſt kindneſs and civility to the Algerines, as they were at that time very friendly to our nation; and he hoped there was plenty of good proviſions on board for their uſe. The captain aſſured him there was plenty of excellent pork, but very little beef. "Pork! (cried the admiral, who was too much in the habit of ſwearing) d—n you, the navy-board, and victualling-office together! Do not theſe blockheads know that the religion of the Turks and Moors forbids them to eat pork?"

This xebecque had been on a pirating excurſion, on the coaſt of Portugal; had undergone ſome ſevere gales of wind, and having little or no ſkill in any other than *littoral navigation*, loſt herſelf in the main ocean, and was driven on the Engliſh coaſt in a ſtorm.

J. B.

Penzance, May 13, 1804.

ANECDOTE *of* JOHN LORD JEFFERIES.

THIS nobleman, a faſhionable profligate (equally deteſtable as his father, the execrable judge), is on record only for his vice and worthleſſneſs. The following anecdote of a drunken frolic, at the funeral of Dryden, in which he made a conſpicuous figure, will at once evince his want of decency and ſenſe:—

Mr. Dryden dying on the Wedneſday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then biſhop of Rocheſter and dean of Weſtminſter, ſent the next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a preſent of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other abbey-fees. The Lord Halifax likewiſe ſent to the Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. C. Dryden, her ſon, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and after-

wards beſtow five hundred pounds on a monument in the abbey; which, as they had no reaſon to refuſe, they accepted.

On the Saturday following the company came, the corpſe was put into a velvet hearſe, and eighteen mourning coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were juſt ready to move, the Lord Jefferies, ſon of the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, with ſome of his rakiſh companions, coming by, aſked whoſe funeral it was? and being told Mr. Dryden's, he ſaid, "What, ſhall Dryden, the greateſt honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady's conſent to let me have the honour of his interment, which ſhall be after another manner than this; and I will beſtow a thouſand pounds on a monument in the abbey for him." The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the biſhop of Rocheſter's favour, nor of the Lord Halifax's generous deſign (they both having, out of reſpect to the family, enjoined the Lady Elizabeth and her ſon to keep their favour concealed to the world, and let it paſs for their own expence), readily came out of their coaches, and attended Lord Jefferies up to the lady's bed-ſide, who was then ſick. He repeated the purport of what he had before ſaid; but ſhe abſolutely refuſing he fell on his knees, vowing never to riſe till his requeſt was granted. The reſt of the company, by his deſire, kneeled alſo; and the lady, being under a ſudden ſurpriſe, fainted away. As ſoon as ſhe recovered her ſpeech ſhe cried "No, no." "Enough, gentlemen," replied he, "my lady is very good, ſhe ſays, "Go, go." She repeated her former words with all her ſtrength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was loſt in their acclamations of joy; and the Lord Jefferies ordered the hearſeman to carry the corpſe to Mr. Ruſſel's, an undertaker in Cheapſide, and leave it there till he ſhould ſend orders for the embalment, which, he added, ſhould be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company diſperſed, and Lady Elizabeth and her ſon remained inconſolable.

The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the Lord Halifax and the biſhop, to excuſe his mother and himſelf, by relating the real truth. But neither his lordſhip nor the biſhop would admit of any plea, eſpecially the latter, who had the abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready ſet, and himſelf waiting for ſome time without any corpſe to bury. The undertaker, after three days expectance of orders for embalment, waited on the Lord Jefferies; who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jeſt, ſaying, that thoſe who obſerved the orders of a drunken frolic deſerved no better; that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that he might do what he pleaſed with the corpſe. Upon this the undertaker waited upon the Lady Eli-

zabeth

zabeth and her ſon, and threatened to bring the corpſe home, and ſet it before the door. They deſired a day's reſpite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handſome letter to the Lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool anſwer:—"That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it." He then addreſſed the Lord Halifax and the biſhop of Rocheſter, who abſolutely refuſed to do any thing in it.

In this diſtreſs Dr. Garth ſent for the corpſe to the College of Phyſicians, and propoſed a funeral by ſubſcription, to which himſelf ſet a moſt noble example. At laſt a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's deceaſe, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration, at the college, over the corpſe; which was attended to the abbey by a numerous train of coaches. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden ſent a challenge to the Lord Jefferies, who refuſing to anſwer it, he ſent ſeveral others, and went often himſelf, but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to ſpeak to him; which ſo incenſed him, that he reſolved, ſince his lordſhip refuſed to anſwer him like a gentleman, that he would watch an opportunity to meet, and fight off-hand, though with all the rules of honour, which his lordſhip hearing, left the town; and Mr. C. Dryden could never have the ſatisfaction of meeting him, though he ſought it till his death with the utmoſt application.

RUSSIAN PATRIOTISM.

A Gentleman of the government of Woroneſe lately purchaſed from Prince Truboſkoi ſix thouſand peaſants, and at the ſame time put it in their power to purchaſe their freedom by reimburſing to him the ſum given to the prince. The firſt uſe which theſe peaſants made of their liberty was to write to his imperial majeſty, thanking him for the edict which authoriſes theſe tranſactions; and aſking permiſſion from him to build, at their own expence, a church, under the name of the gentleman to whom they owed their new ſituation. The ſame letter contains an offer to make a canal themſelves, fifteen verſts in length, which would facilitate an intercourſe of the greateſt importance to commercial induſtry.

Theſe munificent acts reflect great honour on the worthy character who performed them, and afford a pleaſing proof of the enlightened mind of the Emperor Alexander, who now reigns in Ruſſia. By ſuch means that country will gradually emerge from its former barbarous ſtate, and become one of the moſt civilized, as it is one of the moſt powerful nations.

Inſcriptions copied from the Church of Melbury Oſmond, in the County of Dorſet.

IN the year of our Lord 1745
This pariſh church being ruinous
Was wholly taken down, and rebuilt
On the ſame foundation,
And was adorned with
Pews, font, altar-piece, communion-plate, &c.
The rectory was enlarged
By a donation of lands, and by its union
With that of Melbury Sampford, in like manner
Enlarged, and before augmented with the bounty
Of the moſt gracious, moſt glorious
Queen Ann.
All which, tho' at the ſole expence,
Yet ſhew only part of the piety and munificence of
Mrs. SUSANNA STRANGWAYS HORNER.
Of her love to the church of England,
And her liberality to the poor,
Many excellent things are known,
Not only here, but in many other places.
And this is the teſtimony to poſterity
Of Marrian Feaver, M. A.
Her unworthy chaplain, and rector of the
United churches.

In memory of
Mrs. MARY ANSLIE,
Interred in a vault below this.
Died December 24, 1757, aged 63.
A wife more than twenty-one years
To Mr. William Anſlie,
Who never ſaw her once ruffled with anger,
Or heard her utter a peeviſh word;
Whether pained or injured, the ſame good woman,
In whoſe mouth, as in whoſe character,
Was no contradiction;
Reſigned, gentle, courteous, affable,
Without paſſion, though not without ſenſe,
She took offence as little as ſhe gave it,
She never was or made an enemy;
To ſervants mild; to relations kind;
To the poor a friend; to ſtrangers hoſpitable;
Always caring how to pleaſe her huſband,
Yet not leſs attentive to the one thing needful.
How few will be able to equal
What all ſhould endeavour to imitate!

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to R. Holwell's Rebus, inſerted May 14.

A PELICE, Sir, the ladies wear,
To guard them from the chilling air.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; and Britannicus, of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted May 14.

ON TEMPLE BAR the traitor's head
Has very often been diſplay'd.

† We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, T. Whicker, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; Britannicus, of Dartmouth; and W. Gifford, of South Petherton.

Anſwer, by R. Holwell, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted May 14.

O! may the SHIP-WRECK'd ſailor find a home
At the firſt houſe to which by chance he comes.

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from Walter Bickham, jun. and R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; W. Commins, of Taviſtock; T. Whicker, and J. T. S. of Exeter; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; W. Tucker, of Tilſhead-ſchool; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; T. Rutger, of Clowance; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; J. Whittle, of Upway; A. Kyne, jun. and Britannicus, of Dartmouth; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Channon, of Ottery; and Primroſe, of Taunton.

A REBUS, *by R. Holwell, of Exeter.*

MY firſt the world doth repreſent,
In which with eaſe my next you'll find;
Then name a certain ſort of paint,
And add a paſſion of the mind;
My fifth a beaſt will quickly name;
My ſixth it will a tree;
My whole's an herb, you'll ſay the ſame,
Of great celebrity.

A REBUS, *by P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.*

AMIDST the battle's fierceſt rage
My firſt doth oft adhere,
Cloſe to the youth, or vet'ran ſage,
And neither me prefer.

My next with ſportſmen oft is out,
Amidſt the foreſt drear,
Searching the buſhes round about
To ſtart the timid hare.

My whole's where briny billows riſe,
In mountains o'er the deep,
Which e'en aſcends the lower ſkies,
And mars the ſailor's ſleep.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The SEASONS.

——*Jovis omnia plena.*
VIRG. Ecl. 3.

" Theſe as they change, Almighty
" Father! theſe,
" Are but the varied God. The rol-
" ling year
" Is full of thee."
THOMSON's HYMN.

THY love and mercy, gracious Lord!
In ev'ry change I ſee;
Whatcauſe the varying months afford
Of gratitude to thee!

At thy command the proſpects wear
A garb of richeſt die;
Where all is muſic to the ear,
And beauty to the eye.

The tempeſt ſlumbers in the north,
And ev'ry breeze is balm,
Whilſt SPRING conducts abundance forth,
And ſpreads her heavenly calm.

The clouds drop fatneſs e'er the land,
And rear unnumber'd flow'rs;
Wheree'er we look, wheree'er we ſtand,
We view thy bounteous pow'rs.

Nor leſs when SUMMER heats deſcend,
My ſoul, thy love perceives;
The trees a cooling umbrage lend
Beneath their trembling leaves.

Refreſhing zephyrs fan the ſcene,
And evening dews diſtil,
To paint the earth with lively green,
And feed the parching rill.

A moſſy couch, for ſoft repoſe,
On ev'ry bank we find,
Where many a tinkling ſtreamlet flows,
And ſoothes the penſive mind.

And O! of love how great a teſt
The yellow AUTUMN yields;
When Ceres throws her golden veſt
Around the waving fields!

The branching vine's entangling ſhoots,
Their purple gifts beſtow;
And trees, weigh'd down by mellow fruits,
In rich luxuriance grow.

Behold the buſy ſwains prepare
To bring their treaſures home;
And hoard them up, with anxious care,
For ſeaſons yet to come.

At length unruly WINTER low'rs,
And clouds obſcure the plains;
Exhauſted earth, from plenteous ſhow'rs,
Her genial ſtrength regains.

And when, O Lord! the tempeſts rouſe;
Thy greatneſs I explore;
The monarch of the foreſt bows,
And mountain-billows roar.

Whene'er, by chance, I turn my face,
To heaven, to earth, or ſea,
Still ſomething wonderful I trace,
That lifts my ſoul to THEE.

Sufficient witneſs of thy pow'r
Abounds in every ſod;
The ſmalleſt fly, the humbleſt flower,
Proclaims its Maker—GOD.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

KENT.—A POEM.

LET letter'd bards ſing lofty ſtrains,
Of Pindus' mount, or Latian plains:
I moſt delight, at riſing day,
Along the Kentiſh lawns to ſtray;
There, while the birds are rapt in tune,
To breathe the ſweets of roſy June.

Or far above the hills to trace,
And ſing my country's fertile face;
Her pippin trees in ſilver bloom,
Her curling hops, her golden broom;
Of ſhelter, where at ſultry noon,
The mower ſhuns the heats of June.

Of ample orchards, baleſome ſtreams,
Where fiſhes ſport in ſunny beams;
Of diſtant meads, where flocks are ſeen,
Like argent ſpots on pureſt green,
Where, while he crops the vernal boon,
The mower ſings of roſy June.

To ſing of clover's purple dye,
Grateful to the wandering eye:
Of pea-blown vallies, wheat-clad fields,
Brighter ſcenes than Tempe yields;

Ah! how gay by midnight noon,
Are ſcenes like thoſe in roſy June!

And ſtill to ſing in Doric ſtrains,
Of low-roof'dcots, where quiet reigns,
Of ruſtic lads by honour fram'd,
Of ſylvan maids for beauty fam'd;
Whoſe loves will never cloy ſo ſoon,
But ever laſt as freſh as June.

Of friendly glooms, and bow'ry ſhade,
Of ſmiling villas, golden trade—
Ethereal Deal, and healthy Hythe;
And Bexley*, ſnug, umbrageous, blythe,
My native vale, where cits may ſoon
Retreat from ſmoke and toil in June.

Of buſy towns, of buſtling Stroud,
Of Maidſtone gay, and Hawkhurſt proud;
And Dover, Aſhford, Tenterden,
Where with thy blooming ſons I've been;
When life was new, and balmy noon
To cricket lur'd the lads in June.

And more than many a realm can boaſt,
To ſing our ſea-girt, happy coaſt;
Where big with commerce, every tide,
The fleets of diſtant nations glide;
To themes like theſe my flute I'll tune,
While roſes deck the month of June.

O famous Kent! ſhould France aſſail,
And hope thy ſilver cliffs to ſcale,
Let freedom, honour, truth, inſpire
Thy worthy ſons with martial fire;
And dauntleſs ſhew, at night or noon,
Unconquer'd Kent, as blythe as June.

O famous Kent! when ſenſe ſhall fade,
And life's dull game is nearly play'd,
I'll wrap my limbs, if Heaven ſhall pleaſe,
In ſhades like thine, in rural eaſe;
Where friendſhip, books, and muſe in tune,
Shall gild the cloſe of life in June.

* A pleaſant village on the river Cray, thirteen miles from London.

On a Perennial Woodbine, which had twiſted itſelf round Mr. Shenſtone's Urn in the Parſonage-Garden at Cl——ton.

AMIDST theſe laurels, ever-green,
The ivy mantling round,
Poor Shenſtone's votive urn is ſeen,
And conſecrates the ground.

This limpid ſtream that murmuring falls,
And winds theſe ſhades among,
His Leaſowes to our mind recalls,
And ſweetly plaintive ſong.

The woodbine here its ſweeteſt flowers
And rambling ſhoots confines,
Which round the urn, 'midſt vernal ſhowers,
Its ſheltering foliage twines.

There roſes, tho' they rarely view
The ſun's all-cheering ray,
Yet to the bard, ſo juſtly due,
Their annual tribute pay.

Yon jeſſamine, tho' ſo remote,
Its bloſſoms, ſweet as fair,
As pendant o'er the urn they float,
Perfume the ambient air.

Each fragrant ſhrub to poets dear,
Or beauteous to the ſight,
Round Shenſtone's urn aſſembled here
Their balmy ſweets unite.

Yet ſweeter far his verſe was deem'd,
More beautiful his grove:
While he himſelf, by all eſteem'd
Claim'd univerſal love.

Tho' ere life's noon his glaſs was ran,
Yet gain'd he endleſs fame;
While on the eve of ninety-one,
How worthleſs is my name!

Yet known for Shenſtone's friend, even I
Am ſomewhat famous grown,
But better 'twere unknown to die,
Than be for trifling known.

My life's prolong'd full many a year
Beyond life's uſual ſpace;
Yet, ah! in that long life, I fear,
Heaven few good deeds can trace.

Yet while I cheriſh in my breaſt,
A love of all mankind;
I truſt I may amongſt the bleſt,
An humble manſion find.

There all in virtuous habits train'd,
Again their friends ſhall meet;
And find o'er death their victory gain'd,
Their happineſs complete!

To Miſs F—— E——, on her making a very pretty Drawing of the above Urn.

YE flaunting flowers, tho' now you bloom
In all the pride of May;
Yet ſoon, alas! you'll meet your doom,
Soon wither and decay.

But tho' your native charms will fade,
Ere yet the year is paſt;
Sketch'd by the hand of this fair maid
To ages—you ſhall laſt.